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[FOR THE CRITIC.]

EVENING.

The golden sands are stretching far,
And the sea foam lies in winding wreathes,
And sweet is the message the soft wind breathes,
Like burnished silver the evening star
Shines in the sky,
So pure, so high,
Over the distant harbor bar.

The grasses shed their dewy pearls,
All about my lingering feet,
From dark hid flowers steal perfume sweet,
Banners of bloom the night wind curls—

Comes sweetly a note,
From some wild bird's throat;
Out from the shadows a black bat whiffs.

Twilight steals o'er land and sea,
I flit to the hoot of a lonely owl,
And the wild weird cry of the water fowl,
While the moon climbs over hill and tree—

Ah sweet is the night,
So fair, so bright,
And Nature's peace enfoldeth me!

ROBIN ADAM.

[FOR THE CRITIC]

DESPAIR.

What lack you night, with all your countless stars?
You cannot calm my pulsing surging heart
Or make my life in rhythm passing sweet,
To chime in unison, with mellow bars.
Your still, deep, dewy sweetness, only mars
That golden summertime, so swift and fleet,
Whose hours now fraught in bitterness complete,
That I would fain forget their many scars.
Better it were to list the sobbing wind
That tells of hearts in throbbing, weary pain,
Or stand beside the sea, in passion, tossed,
Weep with Nature's heart, since love is left behind,
What good were life, when heart throbs were in vain,
Mourn thou thy life, since all thy joy is lost.

SEAWEED.

PRACTICAL ADVICE.

At a recent meeting of the San Francisco Ministers' Association, the question "Hell; Where Is It—What Is It?" was discussed three hours and then further debate was postponed indefinitely.

Reverend gentlemen, how long do you intend to waste God's time and your own in painting horned devils and subterranean ovens with your vivid imaginations? Those of you who are believers in hell and who would like to assuage the sufferings of the tormented souls, may have your belief confirmed and your wish gratified if you will.

Take off your satin-lined professional coats; doff your creased trousers, and go down into the gruesome alleys that lurk in the shadows of San Francisco's broad avenues. Ask the motherless, wan-faced children; the haggard toilers; the poorly-dressed, hard-worked girls gradually being driven to lives of shame by the sneers of their better-clad sisters—ask these people what hell is and where it is. And they'll tell you—in a crude way, perhaps—that hell is "a light stomach and a heavy heart." They'll show you in their alleys halls as thick as the hairs on your reverend heads.

Gentlemen, if you really have any spectral prejudices against hell; if you would like to lessen its pains, why put on thick socks and gum boots and wade into the city's swamps? Never mind building a steeple on your church this year. Go into the alleys. Bring loaves and fishes with you, the same as Christ did some years ago. Doubtless you all know that story. You can perform the same miracle. The loaves and fishes you bring will cover a large acreage.

The poor, as a usual thing, don't expect kindness from your cloth, I am told, and their gratefulness will magnify what favors you bestow.

But perhaps you do not care to do these things. They may not strike you as being in your line. In that case, why continue to preach, build, exhort, damn, bless and do whatever else you please—but the little children in those alleys I have spoken about, who divide their crusts with one another, will be nearer to God and a good deal farther off from hell—the conventional hell—than your Reverences.—Exchange.

SHE KNEW HER MAN.

Prof. X., an excellent educator and profound student, who does not spurn the reasonable share of homely household duties that falls to the lot of every head of a New England family of moderate circumstances, was in his den, deeply absorbed in the contemplation of an abstruse subject, when his wife opened the door, and called softly to him:

"My dear, could you help us in our house-cleaning by beating just three rugs that you'll find out under the south window of the parlor? If you will, please take them out into the back yard, and beat them and hang them on the line, and I'll be so much obliged."

The Professor arose, seized his most serviceable walking stick, and went out into the yard, still deeply absorbed in the learned meditations that had occupied him in the house.

He took one of the three rugs from under the parlor-window, transferred it to the back yard, beat it long and manfully, and hung it on the line.

When he came back for another rug he was still too much absorbed to notice that there were yet three rugs under the window, and when he had beaten another, and had hung that out, and had come back again, and there were still three rugs under the window, his meditations never switched off

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